THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. XVII.—AUGUST 1, 1797.

For the NEW STAR.

THE *FRIEND*—IV.

IN my laſt number I ſtated, that Experience hath proved that Man, who boaſts his ſuperior wiſdom, volunteers himſelf as the deſpoiler of the Faireſt half of creation, WOMAN; whoſe "weakneſs" (as the vain-boaſter terms a lady's unaſſuming modeſty) ought to command his protection of the *Fair lovely Charge*:—Ungenerous guardian! How unmanly; how inconſiſtent his conduct with his own happineſs!—But I will diſmiſs the unwelcome ſubject, to fulfil my promiſe to my fairer relations, the Young Unmarried Ladies:—To your ſuſceptible, virtuous minds, I addreſs the maxim, which ought to be indelibly engraven on every heart, that "a Lady's VIRTUE is her greateſt beauty."—The moſt perfect ſymmetry, the faireſt pretteſt features, unadorned with Modeſty and VIRTUE, may gain the empty encomiums of fawning coxcombs, but can never command the veneration of men of ſenſe.—When a young lady firſt enters on the crowded ſtage of the buſy theatre of the world, ſhe cannot be too cautious in chooſing the character ſhe aſſumes, or too particular in her attention to the part ſhe acts. Men, ungenerous illdeſigning men, ſtrive to plant thorns in the path ſhe treads—Let her therefore be guarded againſt his ſerpentine wiles; his captivating cunning; his enchanting ſnares—Liſten not to the voice of the flatterer;—truſt not him who tempts the CHASTITY of his "*fweet lovely angel!*"—A lady may indulge her heart in its native gaiety; may treat man with the harmleſs affability which unſuſpecting innocence may dictate, and modeſty not forbid; but if ſhe be not watchfully guarded, he will imperceptibly gain that aſcendency over her honeſt heart, which may end but in her RUIN. Be cautious, my fair ſiſters, in the commencement of your acquaintance with man——Preſerve your Modeſty, (the beſt ſhield of Virtue)—preſerve your innocency—chooſe with caution your Companions; and let care point out your INTIMATES: on theſe your good name much depends;—for men, uncharitable men, who are intimate with only ſome of the baſeſt of the ſex, are perhaps too apt in judging ungenerouſly of all; eſpecially ſuch as are found with thoſe they know to be *Baſe Birds*; citing the vulgar proverb, "Birds

of

of a feather flock together."—Be therefore cautious of your company and conduct:—Tis unnatural to meet an honeſt man in the ſociety of thieves and robbers; we do not ſee the Lamb aſſociate with the tyger:—And tis difficult to perſuade a man that an honeſt, virtuous, worthy and deſerving woman, would be often found in the ſociety of thoſe whoſe names are enrolled on the *black liſt* of the debauchee, and whoſe *condeſcenſion* has become proverbial with the devotees of Venus.

IMAGINARY STOCK:

A NEW SHOP.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

I WAS pleaſed when you opened your "SHOP" of "Imaginary Stock," and flattered myſelf, that your correſpondent would expoſe at the window thereof from week to week, Freſh Supplies of the Imaginary Stock of mankind; the fund is inexhauſtible: and while there is ſo much of that volatile commodity in the world, I lament that you ſhould "ſhut up ſhop," for want of ſtock—For a whole fortnight your door has remained ſhut, and your ſhop window has not been garniſhed with the gewgaws of man's life, the ſilly and pernicious frailties of the times.——In all trades, callings, arts, and profeſſions, we find dealers in Imaginary Stock: even ſome retail it by wholeſale. Perhaps thoſe ſtateſmen, who become political jugglers, and inundate the weak heads of thoughtleſs unwary mortals with draughts of diluted *taffia*, to ſecure an election into office, or to intice cuſtomers to pay dear for their haberdaſhery, deal in imaginary ſtock.——In every art and profeſſion in life, we find quacks: Are there not quack doctors, quack chriſtians, quack lawyers, quack printers, quack parſons, quack ſcribblers? &c. they all deal in imaginary ſtock: and *by their works we may know them.*—But the quack cannot long cheat the public, whether he be *a mechanic, an artiſan, a farmer, a merchant, a printer, a lawyer, a phyſician, or divine: a ſeven years' experience will convince any reaſonable being, that we might feed on huſks with as much ſatisfaction as we can reap benefit from their imaginary ſtock.—I am apprehenſive, Meſſrs. Printers, that your Rivulet, in No. 15, was brim-full of imaginary ſtock—And as I preſume "The Author" has ſomething* in bank, *beſides that kind of ſtock, I wiſh he would gratify your readers with a freight of*

REAL STOCK.

COMMUNICATED
FOR THE STAR.

REMARKS

On an old Collection of Proverbs.

A cloſe mouth catcheth no flies.

THIS proverb ſhows the neceſſity of laying a proper reſtraint on the tongue. As the mouth cloſed prevents flies and all extraneous & noiſome particles from entering therein; ſo a due care in converſation, a cautiouſneſs in publiſhing what we know to the diſadvantage

of

of others, and curbing our loquacity, prevent disagreeable altercations and contests, which every prudent person would wish to avoid.

A fool and his money are soon parted. This much used proverb needs very little explanation. It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that it is not unworthy the attention even of those who are farthest removed from idiotism; as too many deserve the appellation of fools, for an improvident use of their money, though they are not deficient in any other branch of knowledge.

A friend is never known till a man has need.——A friend is not so soon gotten as lost.

The former of these proverbs points out the criterion by which a true friend is to be known. The latter, on how tottering a basis friendship is generally founded.—It is only in the hour of need, the professions of those who pretend a friendship for us is put to the test. And should they even then prove sterling, such is the caprice and frailty of human nature; so ready is man to take offence, thro' such false mediums are the words and actions of the obliged persons viewed by the assisting friend; that well may the composer of the proverb say, (as I doubt not but he did, feelingly) "a friend is not so soon gotten as lost."

A good Jack maketh a good Gill. This proverb implies that the conduct of the wife depends on the behaviour of the husband. It certainly does so, in a great measure. For the errors of the wife oftener proceed from too great a relaxation or too rigid an exertion of the authority which nature and custom have given the husband over her, than from any other cause. To this, the example of the man is too often to be added; who falsly imagines he has a right to indulge himself in liberties which are not allowable in the female sex. Unless a mutual affection, a reciprocal esteem, an unreserved confidence, and joint endeavors to fulfil every matrimonial duty, actuate both parties; happiness is not to be expected in the marriage state; and from the propriety of his own conduct, can Jack alone hope for a good Gill.

As long liveth a merry man, as a sad.

This proverb affords an antidote against dejection and despair. A man, in his passage through this sublunary state, had much better tread the path of life cheerfully; skipping lightly over the thorns and briars which obstruct his way, than sit down under every hedge lamenting his hard fate in being placed in a world so over-run with them. The thread of a cheerful man's life is not sooner severed by the fates than that of one who is continually sad and desponding; then what does care avail? A prudential conduct in the general concerns of life, is undoubtedly in the first place to be attended to; and without it the cheerfulness here proverbially recommended can but be transitory; but if that should prove unsuccessful, and distress unavoidably succeed, dejection and

despair

despair will be far from affording relief.

A hasty man never wants woe.

Our ill success in life; the difficulties we have undergone; the hardships we have endured; the disappointments we have met with; will be found in taking a retrospective view of our lives, to have originated chiefly from precipitation. A few moments reflection, & consideration on the consequences of the action we are about to carry into execution, would oftentimes have prevented the most disagreeable train of events from happening; which, rather than impute, through pride, to the real cause, we attribute to that secret influence which is termed fate. Not one among the whole English proverbs claims our attention more than this.

A mouse in time may gnaw in two a cable.

This proverb likewise enforces the necessity of steadiness and perseverance; and at the same time gives an example of their efficacy when united with industry and application. Things which appear in themselves almost impossible, may be effected by these. If such an arduous and discouraging work as that of gnawing asunder a cable, is to be performed by so weak and insignificant an animal as a mouse, what may not be executed by an unremitted exertion of the animal and bodily powers of a human being?

All is well that ends well.

We cannot judge of the success of the best planned undertaking during the process of it. Till time has developed its final tendency; till the denuement has taken place; its excellence is doubtful. So confined is the knowledge of man, and so unable is he to divine what effects will proceed from such and such causes, that it is only at the fortunate termination of an event, we can with propriety say "All is well."

All covet all lose.

This proverb cannot be better explained than by the well known fable of "The dog and his shadow." Those who will not rest satisfied with what they are possessed of, and can warrantably obtain; but endeavour to increase their store by unallowable means, generally lose what they have. By listening to the dictates of ambition, and endeavoring to gain possession of the territories of some defenceless neighbor, princes have been known to lose a considerable part of their own. So that a proper restraint ought to be placed on their desires by every rank, lest by coveting all they lose all.

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Sense, in Disabille.

No. III.

The POOR WOMAN.

I PITY her. Why? Because she pities herself too much. Hear me through, and judge for yourself. On a fair afternoon she set out to visit her good neighbour's wife, whose christian name, I think,

think, was Patience. How do you do? I am very glad to see you so well, says the good woman. So well! answers the *poor woman*, half raising into the chair that was placed for her; I can scarcely move: no body knows how much I undergo. Here rose two or three sighs, that had learned to come at the call of their mistress. But my spirits are my support; if it wa'n't for my resolution, I should have been in the grave long ago; I have not been so feeble this long time.—Dear me! my walk has quite overcome me. Will you lie down and rest yourself? says Mrs. Patience. If I can get to the bed, answered the poor woman, with one hand supporting her head, and the other on her breast, ready for a volley of coughs. O, I am scarce able to speak! Scarce able to speak! interrupted the husband, who was not quite so nearly related to Job as his wife; then you are much better than usual; I never knew you able to hold your tongue before. Her coughing posture was changed to an attitude of declamation. The glow of anger flushed on her pallid cheek. First the room was filled with severe reproaches; then two long hours were spent, relating her complaints, diseases, fits, and flutterings, for ten years, and the pills, pukes, plasters, drops, cordials, diet drinks, directions, prescriptions, and opinions of twice ten quack doctors, that had turned nature out of her stomach, and made an apothecary's shop of it. It was now tea time. She must have a dose of herb drink. A boy is sent round to all the neighbors to get the favorite herbs. The worst is over. They were glad to tackle the chaise, with the help of a chair, hoist her in it & convey her home, where we will leave her till she can make a visit more agreeable to her neighbors.

If she calls at thy house, read this number to her, when she begins to talk of lying down, it will give her strength enough to fling the bed out at the door, and do her more good than all the quacks and quackery, that have been employed upon her these ten years.

Every time she lights her pipe, for smoaking I think is one of her remedies, let her husband hand her the paper; she will fling her pipe behind the back log; in a few weeks he will break her of one intolerable habit, which, if it does not make her sick, ought to make him sick of her. But if she be a foolish old maid; thou more foolish old bachelor, be her physician.

From THOMAS's *MASSACHUSETTS SPY.*

"*Hope springs eternal in the human breast;*
"*Man never is but always to be blest.*"

HAPPINESS is the great object of all our thoughts, all our wishes, and all our pursuits. Tho' various are its forms, & the sources from whence it flows; and altho' it affords different charms to different minds, yet the interesting sound is equally fascinating to all human nature. Though we traverse different paths and contrary direction, yet we all wish to find

at

at the end, joys far exceeding any we have before obtained. However arduous our exertions, difficult and perplexing our paſſage; and however diſappointed we are by the way, yet the hope for happineſs at laſt, ſmooths the rugged courſe, and ſweetens the painful and anxious journey. What a bleſſing to man, that HOPE, this anchor of the ſoul, this balm to the diſappointed feelings, was implanted in his breaſt, to encourage when oppreſſed with misfortune, and prompt him to purſue his thorny road to the end of life, tho' far behind the favorite object!

The hapleſs wanderer, whoſe boſom was never cheered by a ſingle ray of joy, but often ſhorn to the quick by cruel diſappointments, faints not by the way, but perſeveres in the fruitleſs ſearch. Thus alluring is the faithleſs phantom happineſs. Though it ſhrinks from the touch like the ſenſitive plant, yet its attractions remain with all their power and the ſucceſsleſs purſuer, ſtill fixed on the object, renews his vigour and his vain attempts.

This world hath but few joys unmixed with pain and regret.—The brighteſt ſun is oftentimes eclipſed, and the ſereneſt ſky darkened with clouds. Therefore we ought not to place too much dependence on the ſhort-lived pleaſures, of this fickle and vexing life. For no one was ever ſo proſpered, but that ſorrow, through ſome avenue, found acceſs to his boſom, nor yet ſo unfortunate as to ſhut out all conſolation. Sickneſs and the death of friends are the greateſt misfortunes incident to human nature, and wound deeper and more exquiſitely than any other caſualty. But theſe frowns may be rendered leſs afflicting by an attention to the dictates of religion, and a ſtrict veneration to the wiſdom and juſtice of our Heavenly Father.

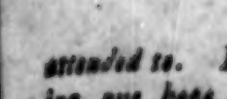
Affliction and diſappointment are common to all. Some from a larger proportion of ſenſibility and refinement, ſuffer their pain with leſs fortitude, than thoſe whoſe feelings were formed of coarſer materials and fitted only for thoſe ſcenes that are ſecluded from civil ſociety. Though a reſignation to the will of Heaven, is a real duty, yet there is ſomething peculiarly amiable in the perſon whoſe tears are excited when the heart has received a poignant wound, ſome are aſhamed to weep, and think it more manly to follow their dareſt friend to the grave without any apparent emotions of ſorrow. Of ſuch we cannot have any favorable opinion. Their hearts muſt be formed of adamant, and their feelings unſoftened by pity, and incapable of affection and friendſhip.

Since this is ſuch an uncertain and perilous life; ſince ſtorms and difficulties aſſail us on every ſide, let us purſue with zeal and vigilance that path, that ſhall lead us to the world of perpetual peace, and to that fountain of perfection and happineſs that ſhall never fail.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *The Gentleman who furniſhed us with ſeveral Extracts, ſelected with taſte and judgment, is entitled to our cordial thanks.——They ſhall be attended*

attended to. In the courſe of his reading, we hope he will continue to note the brilliant and witty, and furniſh us, occaſionally, with a packet.



Is reminded of his un-ſtrung LYRE.—Pray take it off the Willow—play for us.

THE MONITOR.

ON THE IMPIETY OF PROFANE SWEARING.

FEW evil habits are of more pernicious conſequences, or eradicated with more difficulty, than that very odious one of profane curſing and ſwearing. It cannot be expected that the force of moral principles ſhould be very ſtrong in any one, who is accuſtomed upon every trivial occaſion, to ſlight the precepts, and the character of the Supreme Being.—Whenever we have loſt any degree of reſpect for the author of our exiſtence, and the concerns of futurity, and can bring the moſt awful appellations into our ſlighteſt converſation, merely by way of embelliſhing our fooliſh and ſometimes perhaps, fallacious narratives, or to give a greater force to our little reſentments, conſcience will ſoon loſe its influence upon our minds. Nothing but the fear of diſgrace, or a dread of human laws, will reſtrain any perſon addicted to common ſwearing from the moſt deteſtable perjury. For if a man can be brought to trifle with the moſt ſacred things in his common diſcourſe, he cannot ſurely conſider them of more conſequence, when his intereſt leads him to ſwear falſely, for his own defence or emolument. It is really aſtoniſhing how imperceptibly this vice creeps upon a perſon, and how obſtinately he afterwards adheres to it. People generally begin with uſing only ſlight exclamation, which ſeem hardly to carry the appearance of any thing criminal; and ſo proceed on to others, till the moſt ſhocking expletive becomes familiar.—When once the habit is confirmed, it is rarely ever eradicated. The ſwearer looſes the ideas which are attached to the word he makes uſe of, and therefore execrates his friend, when he means to bleſs him, and calls God to witneſs his intention of doing things, which he knows he has no thought of performing in reality.—A young lady, with whom I have the honor to be acquainted, and who is of a moſt excellent diſpoſition and genius, but unhappily in a declining ſtate of health, and evidently tending rapidly to the chambers of death, has been, almoſt from her childhood ſo addicted to the faculty of ſwearing, in her common converſation, that even now, I am frequently ſhocked at her profaning the name of that ſacred Being before whom, ſhe moſt probably, will ſoon be obliged to appear. It muſt ſurely be exceedingly painful to a ſenſible heart, feeling for the beſt intereſt of a valuable friend, and an otherwiſe, excellent acquaintance, to obſerve the perſon he ſo highly regards confirmed in ſuch a ſhocking habit, even while ſtanding in the moſt awful ſituation, in which it is poſſible for a human creature to be placed. Almoſt every other vice affords its votaries

votaries some pretences of excuse, from its being productive of present pleasure, or affording a prospect of future advantage; but the profane swearer cannot even say, that he feels any satisfaction, or that he hopes to meet with any benefit, from this foolish habit.—Let those then, who are addicted to this vice, seriously consider how aggravated a guilt it is to offend the Deity continually, without having the least shadow of an excuse; and determine at once to regulate their conversation and conduct in such a manner as to assure themselves the permanent satisfaction, which will result at the close of life, from the reflection that they erred no farther from the rules of eternal justice, than the common condition of humanity, in its present state, renders unavoidable, and that they have endeavored to the utmost of their power to correct every error in their conduct, when they have felt it condemned, by the dictates of their own conscience.

[*Farmer's Museum.*]

THE *RIVULET.*

From the Newyork Time-Piece:

A THUNDER STORM.

SAD sickening scene; creation's light
Behind yond' sable cloud retires:
Gives heaven the wrinkled brows of night,
Ere day with hoary age expires.
From east to west, in dread array,
The clouds commission'd from on high,
Great Nature's hallowed seal obey,
And gloom the concaves of the sky.
Forewarn'd by instinct's tender care,
Her plumy pupils check their strain,
To sheltering thickets swift repair,
Depopulating distant plains—
The muttering thunder strikes alarm,
The clouds big signs of sorrow weep;
To reach the neighboring friendly farm,
The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep—
To wake the scoundrel's stubborn soul,
The vivid flashes ghastly glare;
Long peals of rattling thunder roll,
And shake the tempest troubled air.
Now rushing cataracts descend
To calm the elemental fray;
The golden sheaves of harvest bend,
And fruits in rich confusion lay.
The pool expands its narrow space,
With circling surface swiftly swells,
O'erflows its native pebbled vase,
And thro' the mead with rage impels.

See, see yond' ivy-mantled oak,
Like some gigantic hero fall;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,
But shivering, breathes the flying ball:

And, hark! that voice arrests my ear
Which first proclaim'd the Almighty will
From chaos call'd the sparkling sphere,
The oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it speaks, a breathing dust;
And calls my heart entomb'd in sin,
To seek the portion of the just,
And skies of brighter azure win.

And shall I not the call obey?—
Will endless night my soul confound,
And keep remote that cheerful day,
Which near the solar orb is found?

And when the night dispelling peal,
Shall summon Nature to her tomb—
May clouds no more the heavens conceal,
Nor night, nor tempests be our doom.